THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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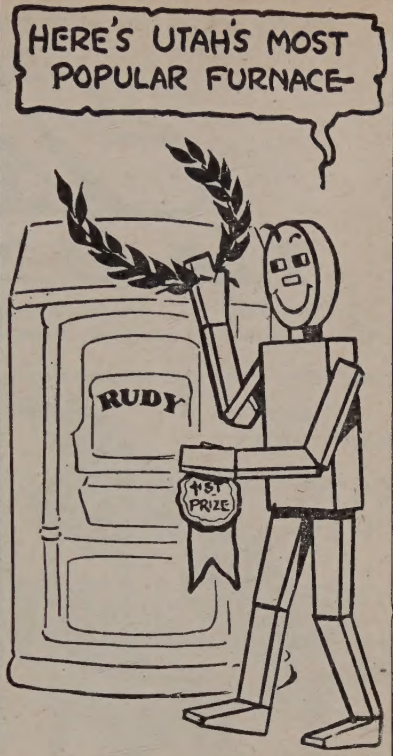

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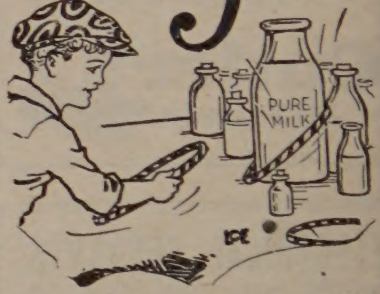

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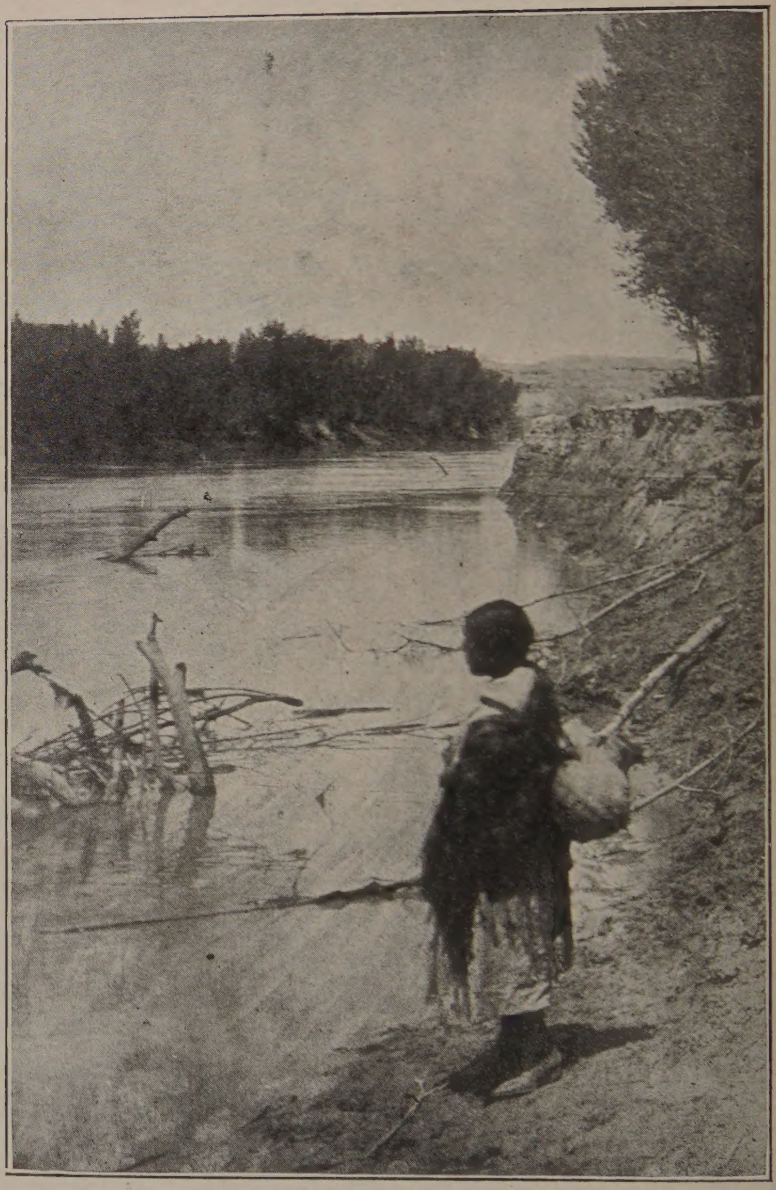
Fall

By Susan T. Jennings

I love Fall for tawny fields, for
Darkened earth where furrowing plough
  Has left its trail;
For all its lovely colorings,
For fantasies in baring trees,
  Where winds may wail.

All the world is disclosed in Fall;
The mountains seem so near, methinks
  They speak to me
Of big things come and gone:
Pledges kept, promises fulfilled,
  Given so free.

Fall is to me as is twilight,
In retrospection I may view
  A day well spent,
A day vivid with emotions;
On trails passed over, then on trails
  Future intent.



TYPICAL VIEW OF GREEN RIVER, CALLED BY ESCALANTE
RIO BUENA-VENTURA

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIII NOVEMBER, 1926 No. 11

Escalante and his Pioneer Band

Dr. William J. Snow—Brigham Young University

In this age of liberalism and the craze for everything modern, there are also counter movements looking to the past. One of the great lessons of history is that there are no abrupt or unrelated changes. Things that *are,* are a sequence of accumulated forces that have been before. And so to explain the present, we go back to the past and note the continuity of human development. In this way we gain perspective, broaden vision, promote tolerance and sympathy, and withal discover the impossibility of cutting away entirely from tradition and attempting to launch too far removed from present progress and experience. It must be noted, however, that history teaches eternal change as the law of growth and human advancement—change fitted to the varying hour.

No apology then is needed for time devoted to genealogical research, to tracing old forgotten trails, and bringing to light the achievements of pioneers who have blazed paths and heralded from remote times the possibilities that have since become realities. Such was the character of Escalante and his little band, who one hundred and fifty years ago entered Utah valleys and dreamed of churches, missions and settlements here.

An awakened interest has been aroused in Escalante by reason of the enthusiasm and work of Dr. Herbert E. Bolton[1] of the University of California, who taught western history at the University of Utah during the Summer session. He, in company with some of his students, spent the week ends during the summer in tracing the route of Escalante's little band into and through

[1]Dr. Bolton is curator of the famous Bancroft Library, University of California. He has a copy of the original *Escalante Journal* and an excellent English translation, which he used in tracing the route of Escalante into Utah.

Utah to near the Arizona line. He pursued this work with scientific care and accuracy and was remarkably successful in identifying the trail from Montrose, Colorado, to Hurricane, Utah. Previously, Dr. Bolton had traced the route from Santa Fe to Montrose. There is yet some work to be done between Hurricane and Santa Fe in marking the return journey. In commemoration of this remarkable expedition, markers or monuments are being erected at significant points.[2]

Some features of this famous wilderness journey are of especial interest to Latter-day Saints. Missionary zeal was the most marked characteristic. The Spanish fathers were most profound

THE COMING OF ESCALANTE INTO UTAH CO. VALLEYS

advocates of the "holy faith," and deeply devoted to the salvation of the native inhabitants of America—the Indians. Their courage and zeal were backed up by an earnestness and sacrifice that would do credit to any people at any time. Many of them gave their lives and their all to the conversion of the savages. Perhaps there are no more sincere and unselfish characters in history than Father Kino, who spent thirty years of his life among the Indians of Pimera, Alta and Arizona; Fathers Seirra and Palou of California, and many others who might be mentioned. No danger was too

[2]One has been placed near Spanish Fork and another is to be built at Provo in the near future, the Provo Rotary Club having plans under way for the work.

great, no desert too parched, no wilderness too bleak to deter them from their great purpose. Mistaken in their zeal though some may think them to be, none can question their integrity and faith. Of such calibre were Silvestre Valez de Escalante and Francisco Atanasio Dominguez, who with their little band of ten were the first white men to enter Utah valleys. While the original purpose of the expedition as officially organized was to discover a more direct route from New Mexico to Monterey, California, the moving passion of the fathers was the salvation of souls—the souls of the Indians around Utah Lake.

Another feature of more than passing interest is the amazing accuracy with which the *Escalante Journal* was kept. This is a model for anyone who is keeping family records, journals or

SILVESTRE AND JOAQUIN TWO INDIAN GUIDES POINTING THE WAY INTO THE UTAH LAKE REGION

diaries. The distances, measured in leagues by the pace of a mule, tallied almost exactly with the speedometer on the Dodge car. The country was described with such vividness and exactness of detail that Dr. Bolton, journal in hand, could identify every mile of the route.[3] As illustration of the exactness of the journal descriptions, various interesting points might be noted. One of the most striking was Indian paintings on the cliffs down Douglass canyon

[3]The writer, in company with D. W. Parratt of Salt Lake, and son Spencer, spent a week with Dr. Bolton tracing the Escalante party from near Montrose, Colorado, to Green River, Utah.

some twenty miles above the present town of Rangeley, Colorado. Escalante described these paintings one hundred and fifty years ago and described their location so precisely—half way down Douglass canyon on the south side of the road—that they were easily found and photographed on the recent trip of the Bolton party previously referred to (footnote reference). After this long lapse of time, the paintings were plainly visible, being protected from the weather by great overhanging rocks. All along the route equal care was taken in giving unmistakable descriptions of physical features, color of the mountains and hills, character of the flora—scrub oaks, tall pines, black poplars, etc., as the case might be—so that physical identification was unmistakable.

One hundred and fifty years seem to have made but little difference in the "everlasting hills:" they look very much the same as then in color, formation, flora, etc. Even poplar trees then growing still remain. Imagination is stirred with romantic revival of the Escalante camp as the present Dudley's ranch on Green River near Jensen, where the black *double* cottonwood trees that shaded the fathers September 13 and 14, 1776, still stand in all their majesty. Some of them are eight feet through at the butt and give evidence of being two hundred years old or more. These were described with unerring accuracy. And thus this remarkable journal describes all the country traversed in the five months' (July 29, 1776—January 2, 1777) continuous wandering of this noted company.

Several matters not definitely established before have been permanently fixed by the recent surveys made by Dr. Bolton. Historians have brought Escalante into the Utah Lake region by various routes. Bancroft and the older school had him come down Provo canyon. Dean Harris[4] took him as far south as Indianola. The facts are, after coming through Strawberry he came up Mud Creek over the divide into Diamond Fork passing through hot springs and later three other hot springs, now called Castilla and thus down Spanish Fork river to the valley and lake below.

There can be no attempt in this article to detail events connected with the journey through Utah and back to Santa Fe. Suffice it to say that two wonderful days for the padres and Indians were spent in Provo, and visions of future settlements were projected. Although Salt Lake was not visited, accurate information was recorded concerning it. The route to Monterey and San Francisco was not found, but a great feat of exploration was achieved.

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[4] *The Catholic Church in Utah*: see article on Escalante.

Holland and Denmark

By May Booth Talmage

Have you ever crossed from England to Holland? No! Well, when such experience comes, may it be your happy privilege to find awaiting you, as we did, well nigh three score stalwart, smiling missionaries, some of whom had traveled from The Hague and other distant cities to meet the early morning train on July 4th—7:30 a. m. and on time! They were led by President John P. Lillywhite of the Netherlands mission, also by his small son Joel, whom to know is to remember.

This first welcome was equaled in warmth only by that which followed, when we reached the door of No. 16-b Crooswijkschesingel. It opened as if by magic to let Sister Lillywhite fley down the steps to greet us. Inside the house flowers and sunshine and cheer radiated from every nook and corner, and no words were needed to make us feel at home.

Our few days in Holland were filled to the brim with worthwhile activities, as also were those spent in each of the three Scandinavian countries we visited. How then can one hope to do justice to them all, when the events of each day of our six weeks' absence from mission headquarters at Liverpool furnished material sufficient for an article of absorbing interest, if one's pen could but be made to chronicle impressions as they were made upon the mind and heart?

To be greeted and welcomed and have one's own addresses given in four different languages in six weeks is an achievement in itself,—to say nothing of having to learn how to get the right change for four different kinds of money, speaking in a strange language.

The music in all the assemblies of the different countries was remarkably good, whether rendered by choirs, smaller groups or by individuals. Many times our souls were thrilled by the beautiful quality and tone of the voices and the excellent renditions.

But to return to Holland: There seemed a spirit of vigor, of enthusiasm and of optimistic outlook in the public gatherings, the missionary meetings and in the Relief Society work that can scarcely fail to bring successful results. We were told that the attendance on Sunday evening in Rotterdam made a new record for the mission. About eight hundred were present in all, with a large proportion of non-members, many of whom lingered for conversation after the meeting closed.

One of the outstanding features of ever increasing interest to us on our visit to the conferences in the various missions (our own,

the British mission, included) is found in the reports given by our missionaries in the gatherings held exclusively for such purpose. The meeting in Rotterdam was an example; there fifty-nine reports were made, testimonies borne and collective experiences related by men of various types and ages. The marvel of it all lies in the fact that these missionaries, young and old, whose lives hitherto have been full of such widely divergent interests, come to the mission field and adapt themselves to new conditions and environment, strange faces, different languages and customs; many of them being thrown at once into the closest association with companions who but a day or a week or a month before were total strangers; and yet hundreds of these men testify in all sincerity that such experience is to them beyond all price, and that the friendships thus formed are the strongest ever known to them.

The feature that interests me most is in learning how the gospel came to touch the lives of all these men, many of whom are of the third or fourth generation in the Church. But there was always a beginning, and its story has been handed down and is cherished as a rich heritage, and so we enjoy listening to them all.

Another feature of value is the expression of gratitude that comes into the hearts of these missionaries for the parents or grandparents who had the courage to accept the gospel and thus give to their children the opportunities that have come to them in such bounteous measure, yet never fully sensed or appreciated when they were at home.

The third item of special significance is the gradual unfolding and the increasing strength of their own testimonies concerning the gospel they are sent to preach. Numerous times we have seen them so overcome with feelings of gratitude and joy for the wonderful experiences and testimony, that they were unable to give adequate expression, and strong men have wept.

But this is again a digression from my recital of events.

A delightful entertainment was given on Monday evening complimentary to a missionary who had been president of the Rotterdam conference, but who had been honorably released. The music here also was of a high order and the short play put on by the local young people was most creditable.

A public session devoted to Relief Society interests on Sunday afternoon, followed by a meeting for members only, in which detailed instructions were given, and the privilege of attending a regular session on Tuesday evening, gave ample opportunity for us to justify our previous conclusions that the work of that organization is under very capable supervision and gives every evidence of being in excellent condition.

A few hours at The Hague enroute to Amsterdam afforded a pleasant chance to see the world-famed Peace Palace and to go

through the palace of Holland's queen. The latter was not as magnificent as are the royal dwellings in many of the larger countries, yet very dignified and beautiful withal; but there was no suggestion of home atmosphere, and one felt much sympathy for the only child, a daughter, who through the years must have found life very lonely in those silent, stately halls.

In Amsterdam we held an evening session with our members, and at its close an opportunity was given for us to meet and greet them all. One delightful day was spent in a visit to the "Low Country," where the famous Edam Cheese is made and where on the quaint little islands of Vollendam and Marken the people dress and live as their ancestors have dressed and lived for centuries now gone. Very quaint and picturesque they look, but that is another story as must also be the thrilling experience of our flight from Amsterdam to Copenhagen—a two days' continuous journey by boat and train—made in the space of five short hours including a forty-five minute stop-over in Hamburg. Across three countries in half a day! Verily these are marvelous times!

We were welcomed into Scandinavia by President Joseph L. Petersen and wife, of the Danish mission, also by Brother and Sister H. J. Christiansen, the former being editor of *Skandinaviens Stjerne*, and others of the mission and conference staff who were in the party.

We all proceeded at once to the "locale" at mission headquarters, where a Relief Society meeting was awaiting our arrival before beginning. These meetings in all the branches throughout the Scandinavian countries are joint. The brethren show quite as deep an interest as the sisters in all activities on lesson nights, and alternate in conducting the meetings and in most instances take the lead in conducting class work. We strongly urged, however, that the sisters be taught and encouraged to take their share in the latter responsibility, that they might thereby reap full benefit.

There are few of our books, aside from the standard Church works, that have been translated into any of the Scandinavian languages, and because of this fact the missionaries as well as the resident members are under a great handicap; though the former have the advantage of being able to use the English books for reference —a procedure that does not help them in becoming acquainted with the new language. However, it seemed to be found satisfactory to use the standard works as textbooks in all auxiliary organizations, even at the risk of the younger members losing some of the enthusiasm that comes through a variety of study—such as is possible where a wealth of Church literature to suit all desire for educational uplift is at hand. Throughout Norway we found the Relief Society and M. I. A. organizations using the study articles published in the *Millennial Star*. These lessons are translated and copies made on a machine and distributed to the various conferences in

the mission by the efficient mission secretary, Sister Borghild E. Nielsen. Next year we hope the lessons will appear in the official publications of the different countries and will thereby provide individual copies for the members, thus making possible more thorough preparation.

The meetings in Copenhagen were almost a repetition of those in Rotterdam—full of interest and encouragement from start to finish. True, the numbers were not so large, but many of our members were away on vacations, planned months ahead, which they could not well cancel or change. Here also the Sunday afternoon public assemblage was reserved for Relief Society interests, and was followed by a well attended meeting of members and officers of the organization only. One great regret, however, was the absence, because of serious illness, of the Relief Society president of the Copenhagen branch.

Several opportunities were afforded us for brief respite between the various scheduled appointments, which were greatly enjoyed. A very pleasing and restful diversion was the delightful ride through the exclusive residential district. We journeyed for miles past lovely homes out to the grand old Royal Forest. On the way we passed the Summer home of England's late beloved queen mother, Alexandra, who was born and reared in this beautiful capital of Denmark. We did not wonder that she loved to return to its quiet, cultural dignity for seasons of rest and refreshment. Through enchanting forest we wandered; it seemed like the fairyland of childhood, with its giant oaks and elms and beeches—centuries old they looked, with limbs extending over an area that would have reached beyond the confines of a good sized city lot. Deer were browsing about in herds quite unafraid, and one's imagination was taxed to understand how sportsmen "hunt" anything so plentiful, so tame, so trustful. The old King's Hunting Lodge stood unpretentious, dilapidated and silent, though it is said to have housed more of the crowned heads of Europe than any similar place in the world. One can easily believe this who remembers the family connections made by the marriages of the children and grandchildren of good old King Christian IX. From that royal household have descended an emperor and an empress, kings and queens, princes and princesses in bewildering array; and the fate of some of these has been the tragedy of the century, while others still hold rule and sway over the lives and hearts of millions.

A delicious dinner in a charming little resort outside the forest gate, the view across the sea showing the outlines of Sweden's coast in the distance, concluded an afternoon of rare charm and restfulness.

One cannot help wishing it possible to convey to some of our young people at home, who are all too prone to assume an attitude of slight superiority over those who come to us from these Scandi-

navian countries, some of the admirable characteristics that have been so apparent to us, not only on this recent visit, but demonstrated at the Panama Exposition, where their achievements were so abundantly evident. The well constructed buildings, the substantial bridges, the beautiful and the cultural, as shown in the landscapes, the home furnishings and the works of art, the good breeding evinced by the respectful attitude shown to visitors, the well modulated voices, and the general good behavior in public, were all very pleasing to note and are traits that may well be emulated by uninformed critics.

From Copenhagen we proceeded with President and Sister Petersen by boat to Aarhus, where we were joined next day, by Brother and Sister Christiansen. It was very pleasing to see how many apparently influential people were at the station to bid them welcome, and most all of whom with many other non-members of the Church were in attendance at the evening public gathering. A Relief Society meeting was held later, and at its close all in the audience were served with ice cream and cake. Present on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Hermansen, the latter a member of the Church. Both are known to many Utah people who have been partakers of their generous hospitality and to others who met them during their six weeks' visit to the Bee Hive state.

We, the Talmages, Petersens and Christiansens—were taken next morning to the Hermansen country home about twenty-seven miles distant—a most beautiful and delightful auto ride. The "farm" proved to be a veritable estate, with its spacious house of thirty-two rooms, its forest, and lake, and numerous fields leased out to tenants. Many countries have yielded of their treasures of costly furniture and china and various types of bric-a-brac, with the result that an almost bewildering array of objects are found as one wanders from room to room in this country mansion. The house is thrown open from time to time, and the public is permitted to inspect its contents. Our traveling elders have frequently been partakers of its comforts, extended through the generosity of the owners. A modern radio set intercepted music and other entertaining features from London and continental cities. How impressive was the miracle of it all!

An hour's ride in early morning enabled us to catch the train for Aalborg. If this interesting place were known for nothing of note except that it gave to our Church our late beloved President Anthon H. Lund, it might well be held in high regard by our people. We felt greatly blessed in the privilege of attending services in the neat little L. D. S. chapel erected, it is said, on the site of President Lund's birthplace. A grass plot without, where lovely roses were in bloom, and the spirit of reverence within, seemed typical of his quiet unostentatious though splendid life.

We shall remember the influence of the place long in future days.

The very early departure of our train next morning did not deter our missionary friends who were out in full force to bid us Godspeed. We rode as far as Frederickshavn with Conference President Egert M. Larsen; thence we sailed for Sweden.

We have many pleasant memories of Denmark—of an afternoon spent in that wonderful museum in Copenhagen, of the ride taken by Sister Petersen and myself in Aarhus, while our husbands were busy with mission affairs. It was in a little Drodske and our driver had lived in America, so could tell us in our own language of the many things we passed: among these was the King's Summer home—the memory grove, where thousands of American and Danish war veterans and ex-service men met this Summer, and the place was dedicated as a site for a wonderful memorial building; through a lovely grove and then back to sea. Oh! there are many things we would like to write about if space would permit, but the memory of these experiences will come in future hours to enrich and bless our lives: and thus we bid adieu to Denmark with feelings of sadness at leaving and joy in happy thoughts. Next month we write of Sweden and of Norway.

The Singing Heart

Alberta Huish Christensen

Can you hear the songs that my glad heart sings,
Sings with its fluttering, throbbing, beat,
A song of meadows, of bursting dawns,
Of shadows that mock the heat.

A song of hills, of yielding soil,
Of night winds through the autumn trees,
Of friendly hands, and hearts found true?
Mine is a song of thanks for these.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Senator Smoot Writes for "Forum"

Why I Am a Mormon

We have on our desk an article from the pen of Senator Reed Smoot, entitled "Why I am a Mormon," which appeared in the October issue of *The Forum*. We are permitted by the publishers to use 500 words. We are sure that our readers will be intensely interested in this article, consequently we are including excerpts to the extent permitted.

Senator Smoot writes: "In the first place, I was born one. My parents were among the early converts to the teachings of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,—my father in Kentucky, his native state; my mother in far-off Norway. What is commonly known as 'Mormonism' had no stauncher adherents than Abraham Owen Smoot and his wife, Anna Kerstina Morrison. That I should have imbibed, from infancy, in the home that sheltered them, the spirit of the religion for which either of them would have laid down life, if necessary, will occasion no surprise to the readers of this article. I was the third-born in the household, and Salt Lake City was my

birthplace. Since ten years of age, however, I have resided in the town of Provo, fifty miles south of the Utah capitol."

Senator Smoot says of his education: "In the Brigham Young Academy were taught, along with the ordinary branches of learning, the doctrines of Christ's gospel. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, and other church publications were among the text books of the institution. Prayer and testimony were required of the students, and the atmosphere of worship pervaded the class rooms. The result was that graduates from this school went forth from its portals firm in the faith, believers in God and in the principles of salvation, equipped not only for expert office work, and skilled labor of various kinds, but also for intelligent and efficient service in the Church and mission fields. Being a graduate myself, I shared in the advantages of such a training; and this, without doubt, is one reason why I am a 'Mormon.' Incidentally I will remark that Utah, which is still overwhelmingly 'Mormon' in population, ranks among the leading States of the Union, educationally."

Finally Senator Smoot says that it is not alone because of his birth and education that he is a "Mormon." Regarding this matter we quote from *The Forum* article the following: "But birth and early training are not the only causes of one's conversion, if it be real and genuine. In my intercourse with the world I have had ample opportunity to come in contact with other religious systems and to compare them with my own. If "Mormonism" is my preference over all, it is because it appeals to me as the most reasonable of all, the most soul-satisfying religion that I have encountered anywhere.

"It teaches that man is literally the child of God, fashioned in his image, endowed with divine attributes, and capable, by education and development, of becoming like unto that glorious Being, in whose image and likeness all men are created."

Father Escalante

We are constantly reminded that we are not so young as we once were. The frequent anniversaries that are occurring both in the Church and in the Nation, make this fact clear.

This year we are reminded of two anniversaries—one the Sesqui-centennial of the birth of our Nation, and the other the Sesqui-centennial of Father Escalante and his little band entering the State of Utah. Father Escalante left New Mexico one hundred and fifty years ago in an attempt to make his way to Monterey, California. Entering Utah valley from Spanish Fork canyon he made a camp near the mouth of Provo river. There he found Indians who were employed in such gainful occupations as growing hemp and flax. He called the Indians from all

the country round as far as Spanish Fork, into a conference, and taught them the gospel of Jesus Christ as he understood it. He remained near Utah Lake for two days. This was the longest time spent in any one place in Utah.

Sunday, Sept. 26, 1926, the Catholic church built a temporary altar in Spanish Fork at the place where they believed Escalante and his little band entered Utah valley. There they conducted Mass and offered grateful thanks for his life and ministrations.

Henry Van Dyke's Philosophy

Henry Van Dyke, in an article appearing recently in *The Mentor,* offers a few practical suggestions for the cultivation of sympathetic tolerance—"Live by admiration rather than by disgust;" says he, "judge other people by their best, not by their worst. Cheerfully give to others the same liberty we claim for ourselves."

I think we shall all agree that Mr. Van Dyke's suggestions are practical suggestions, and not only make for sympathetic tolerance but also for happiness.

The Ten Commandments

By Phyllis Hodgson

Oh, worship no God but the Father in heaven,
And make ye no image to kneel at its feet;
Be its likeness in earth or in sea or in heaven,
The Lord such presumption with vengeance shall meet.
Oh, hallow the name of the Father in heaven,
And take not the name of thy Lord God in vain.
Remember the Sabbath, to keep it most holy,
And honor the parents that bore thee in pain.
Oh, take nôt the life of thy brethren around thee,
For God is the giver and taker of life,
But keep thee most chaste and commit no adultery,
For laws not obeyed bring but sorrow and strife.
Ye never shall take what belongs to your brother,
And never false witness against him shall tell,
For he that betrayeth the faith of his brother,
He loseth his faith in his brother as well.
Oh, cleanse thee thy spirit from lust and from envy,
That all thought of coveting you may dispel,
And keep thee so pure that within thee forever
The Spirit of God may unceasingly dwell.

The Great Inspiration

THANKSGIVING STORY

By Lilith Shell

I.

The Reverend Charles Lamar paused a moment on the Post Office steps while he glanced over the mail in his hand. Beside him was his six-year-old son Heber, keenly interested not only in the proceedings of his father but in the varied pageant of the town's life, as he observed it from his elevated position. As the minister completed his perusal of the papers in his hands and was stepping down to the street, the boy close beside him, the public school nurse, passing by, recognized him and, turning, detained him for a moment.

"I wonder," she said, and there was a note of apology in her voice, "I just wonder if I could again ask you to stop and see one of the town's very poor families—"

"Why, yes, certainly, if I can do anything for them," the minister answered. "I'll gladly do what I can. Who is it?"

"The Pappodocias family down on the river front," the nurse said, and taking a scrap of paper from her bag she scribbled an address upon it and gave it to the minister.

"Just what is the condition there?" he asked.

"The father's ill,—will never be well again,—is doomed, in fact. Neither of the parents can speak any English and the family is really destitute. Perhaps your church could give them some material aid," the nurse suggested.

"Well, I'll see what can be done," the minister promised and the nurse passed on.

"Are you going there right now, father?" Heber asked.

"Yes, I might as well," his father replied. "You skip along home and I'll be there pretty soon."

"Oh, father, please, can't I go with you? I want to see a des'tute fam'ly," Heber begged.

"We—l-l," hesitated the minister, "well, all right, come along. We'll be there only a few minutes anyway."

Among the hovels on the river front the two came at last to the door they sought. A girl of Heber's age let them in. There, huddled miserably in two gloomy rooms, lived the Pappodocias family, late from Greece, and in the direst poverty and distress. None of the minister's efforts to secure information from the frightened children, nor his offers of assistance were lost upon Heber. Silent he stood but, keenly alert to all that passed, he gath-

ered as much information in his way, as did the minister in his. When they were about to go the boy slipped his fingers into his pocket and drawing out two gayly colored and highly treasured glass marbles he passed them to the two younger children who seized them avidly. Then seeing the look of disappointment upon the face of the older little girl who had witnessed this passage of gifts he again searched his pockets and producing a small linen handkerchief, slightly mussed, he gave it to her. All this swiftly and silently and behind his father's back.

"Too bad, too bad," the minister muttered as they left the place. "Something must be done."

"I could do something for them, father, couldn't I? Heber demanded.

"What could you do, son?"

"I could give that little boy my overcoat," and lifting his shoulders proudly and expanding his chest he declared, "I'm so big and hearty, I don't need it,—prob'ly not all winter."

"Oh, no, son," the minister laughed. "You don't need to give them your overcoat. We'll manage something else for them."

"But they make me so sad," said the child and there was a sob in his throat and tears in his eyes.

"I shouldn't have let him go there," the man chided himself, then, to the boy, "Never mind, son. *You* don't need to worry about them. We'll get something done for them. You just forget all about it."

II

Then came Thanksgiving. When Heber, home from school on Wednesday, burst into the kitchen he found his mother and Aunt Nell busily preparing for the festivities of the next day. Upon the table lay a mighty turkey, its legs sticking awkwardly into the air. Cooling upon a sheet of brown paper was a mountain of spicy, brown cookies. A peep into the pantry revealed a great white cake laden with shredded cocoanut, and Aunt Nell was spreading chocolate upon another, and there were four mince pies ranged upon the radiator shelf.

"Oh, boy!" shouted Heber. "Hurrah for Thanksgiving day. Will it be Thanksgiving day when I wake up in the morning, mother?"

"Yes, dear," his mother answered, "tomorrow's Thanksgiving. Now you run upstairs and visit with grandma, and don't bother mother and Auntie."

III

The town opened its eyes on Thanksgiving day to its first snow of the winter, and there was a biting north wind. The minister's family were busily arranging to get the dinner well under way by ten o'clock so they might attend the Thanksgiving service

at the church. At breakfast it was decided that Heber should be allowed to remain at home with Grandma Lamar who was confined to her room with rheumatism. This plan suited Heber admirably for no amount of ritual and ceremony in the church could compensate for the hour-and-a-half of sitting still there. So the adults of the family at last took their departure, leaving Heber to "look after Grandma."

This he did for a few minutes, but when Grandma began to doze in her chair by the fire, Heber sought entertainment elsewhere—and found it. From one of the broad front windows he looked out upon the snow covered world. Presently there appeared in his field of vision two children whom he recognized as the Pappodocias sister and brother, Astyages and Androcoles, to whom he had given his glass marbles. Rushing to the front door he swung it open and invited them in and the next moment four little feet were stamping snow from four ragged shoes in the immaculate front hall of the manse. Into the dining room they went, leaving marks of black little fingers upon the snowy cloth spread ready for dinner; into the kitchen they went, two little noses sniffing greedily the savory odors there.

"This is going to be our Thanksgiving dinner," Heber explained, indicating the various evidences of preparation.

"Wha's zat?" demanded Androcoles Pappodocias.

"Why, Thanksgiving day, you know, when you have turkey, and cake, and mince pies, and everything," Heber said; then, as an afterthought, added—"don't you have a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner?"

Two mystified heads were shaken sadly while two pairs of big black eyes rested hungrily upon the mighty white cake.

"Don't you have a cake, either?" demanded Heber.

Again the two heads shook a doleful negative, and suddenly Heber had a vision of what poverty can really mean.

"Say—I'll give you ours," he cried. "*We* don't need it."

His first intention included only the cake but since it was too large for the children to carry home safely it became necessary for him to bring his wagon from the basement. In this the cake looked so small that Heber cast about for something to fill the gaping spaces.

Then came the great inspiration.

"The turkey!" Heber fairly shouted. "*We* don't need it, either, but—" The pause indicated a prompting to run upstairs and ask grandma but wiser counsel prevailed. Refusal from that quarter was pretty certain, so he went on acting on his own initiative. Awkwardly the little hands eased the great roaster from the oven into the wagon. This accomplished, Heber lifted the lid with a flourish, revealing to the bulging eyes of his guests the

beautifully browned breast of the turkey with great masses of savory stuffing to right and left.

Even then there was still room in the wagon. Searching about for something to fill the interstices Heber found the cookies and emptied the jar into the wagon. Then putting into the hands of each of the young Greeks a succulent mince pie and himself manipulating the wagon the cavalcade departed for the Pappodocias hovel on the river front.

IV

Returning from church, Mrs. Lamar found an angel-faced little boy awaiting her. He stayed very close to her while she removed her wraps and donned her apron. He was watching keenly as she opened the oven door.

"Why—why—" she gasped. "Where on earth—?" Just at this dramatic moment Aunt Nell came into the kitchen. Seeing the consternation upon her sister's face she immediately found the cause in the yawning and empty oven.

"Why, Grace," she shrilled, "what on earth? Do you suppose it could have been—?"

"What is it?" asked the minister as he, too, came into the kitchen.

"Why, the turkey's gone!" cried Aunt Nell, gesturing wildly toward the open oven. "It is *gone!*" she added, and by this time her voice was a positive screech. "And Grace, for mercy sake look, the cocoanut cake's gone, too! Didn't you leave it right there?"

"Merciful days!" cried Mrs. Lamar, dropping helplessly into a chair. "Thieves have come in and taken the things."

"But Heber, wasn't he here?" demanded the minister. "Where is he now?"

"Here I am," came a still small voice.

"Where were you all morning, son?" his mother asked. "Were you upstairs with grandma? Did you hear anything—any noise of any kind?"

Alarmed at the turn affairs seemed to be taking Heber quailed under the questions of his elders.

"Come, what happened, Heber?" said his father, pulling the boy to a position between his knees as he sat down.

"Well, father, you said the Pappodocias fam'ly ought to have something done for 'em," Heber stammered.

"Yes, so I did,—but let's stay on the subject. Do you know what happened to the turkey and the cake?"

"*And* the mince pies, too," wailed Aunt Nell.

"Come, come, son," insisted the minister, "did you see or hear anyone in the kitchen?"

Heber's eyes sought his mother's in mute appeal and some-

thing there so fine and clear seemed to compel a definite answer from him.

"Yes," he said, "I know all about it."

"You do?" shrieked Aunt Nell. "What was it? Thieves?"

Then came the story, clean and true. The Pappodocias children didn't know there was a Thanksgiving day, and they had never had a turkey or a cake or a mince pie in all their lives, and their father was sick, and the school nurse said he was doomed, and everything.

Three pairs of adult eyes met over Heber's head and there were tears in them all.

"What did you think *we* would do for Thanksgiving dinner?" asked the minister and his voice was very gentle with just the suspicion of a catch in it, "with Uncle Jason and the twins and cousins Harry and Marie and Aunt Minnie all coming?"

"Well, father, they're all big and hearty and so are we," Heber defended himself," and the Pappodocias fam'ly are all so skinny and thin, and they never did have a turkey or a cake or mince pies and their father being doomed and all."

"But child—" began Aunt Nell.

"Anyway," persisted Heber, not permitting Aunt Nell's interruption, "we still got two mince pies and a big nice choc'late cake."

An hour later when a very much curtailed dinner was at last upon the table there came one more tragic cry from the kitchen.

"And if he didn't give them every last one of the cookies, too!" The voice was Aunt Nell's.

List of Literary Lessons for the Year 1927

Richard Burton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, George Santayana, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay.

Reference Books:

"New Voices," By Marguerite Wilkinson.

"Modern American Poetry," by Louis Untermeyer.

A Change of Heart

By Silas L. Cheney

Dr. Gleason came into his library, set his medical kit upon the heavy mahogany table, and sank wearily into an easy chair before the fireplace where almost immediately he fell into a stupor of physical and mental exhaustion.

Mrs. Gleason, who sat sewing, looked up at her husband anxiously. His naturally ruddy face was grey and haggard, dark circles appeared beneath his eyes, while across his forehead wrinkles had recently traced a history of acute fatigue and suffering. Laying her sewing aside she seated herself on a footstool near him and proceeded to remove his shoes, replacing them with comfortable house slippers.

"Thanks, Martha, thanks," he said and without opening his eyes he reached out and stroked her head gently.

It was with difficulty that Mrs. Gleason controlled her emotions sufficiently to say in a soothing voice, "My dear, you are very tired tonight. Aren't you working much too hard? Surely you ought to take a rest."

Slowly his listless eyelids rolled back uncovering dark grey eyes which stared at her strangely. "I have come to the same conclusion," he replied mechanically. Then after a pause he continued, haltingly as if analyzing qualitatively each word before uttering it: "Martha, I simply must get away from here for awhile; I can't stand it any longer. I am leaving tomorrow. Have turned my patients over to Drs. Francis and Davidson. Don't think I'll be gone long, so if the maid packs my large traveling bag that will be sufficient."

She wanted to know more about his plans but apparently he had told all he desired her to know, perhaps all he knew himself for he had again closed his eyes and settled back in his chair. Not wishing to disturb him further she quietly arose and went back to her sewing, mildly astonished that he should have made all arrangements for a vacation without so much as mentioning it to her. But she was glad he was going. Anything that might reasonably be expected to deflect his mind from its broodings over the tragedy of their daughter's death would certainly meet with her approval.

The circumstances resulting in this sad event had their beginning nearly two years before when, shortly after America entered the World War, a small detachment of soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Massey, had been sent to Blair to guard the Consolidated Mining and Milling Co., against certain anonymous threats. During the stay of the detachment, young Lieuten-

ant Massey had become greatly enamored with pretty Darlene Gleason who was then nineteen. His passionate wooing of her finally won her whole-hearted affection. They were to have been married when suddenly his detachment was called to Fort Douglas in order to join his regiment which had been ordered to Camp Funston, Kansas. Under the circumstances, it was deemed advisable to postpone the marriage until a more propitious time. Then had followed a long period of waiting. Darlene had watched and prayed for the time when the war should be over so that they could be united again.

His passionate letters to her were life itself, but as time wore on they arrived less and less frequently; also they gradually cooled until they became colorless—almost meaningless. Still they continued to come thus keeping alive a hope that Darlene refused to relinquish. She consoled herself by attributing his seeming neglect to the many demands the war must be making upon him. "When the war is over things will be different," she told herself.

But the signing of the Armistice failed to bring about the anticipated change. Instead there came a heartless letter saying that he had ceased to love her and so would not return. "I have," it said, "been trying to break the news to you as gently as possible and therefore have reason to hope that what I am now writing will prove neither surprising nor shocking." It was a terrible blow to the two strongest elements in her nature, affection and pride. Under it she suffered a nervous collapse and shortly after contracted the "flu" and died. That was all Mrs. Gleason knew, and certainly it was enough, but it had fallen to Dr. Gleason's lot to suffer much more acutely, though the cause for this remained a secret with himself. For one thing he knew the "flu" was only a secondary cause of his daughter's death; for another, he had recently learned the reason for Lieutenant Massey's estrangement; he was a married man, had been for at least five years judging from the fact that he had a little girl four years old.

Dr. Gleason kept all this to himself, allowing its bitterness to canker his soul until his naturally affectionate nature became dominated by an uncontrollable spirit of hatred and revenge. He would —he *must* make that dirty skunk suffer. Such reflections, fermenting in his brain, had finally driven him in desperation to take a leave of absence, referred to as a vacation in the presence of others, but regarded by himself as something quite different. He had a definite mission to perform. The fact that he was a little vague as to just how to accomplish it made no difference since he was determined to find a way.

It was almost dark when Dr. Gleason alighted from the train at Junction City. In one hand was his traveling bag, in the other his medical kit. The former was carried from necessity and the latter from habit. He had not meant to bring his kit, but some-

how had picked it up unaware, and had not realized what he had done until well on his way. He looked about him in the drenching mist of drizzling rain, feeling that he was in perfect harmony with the elements.

"So this is the place that offers a domicile to a—a skunk! Well, it surely looks the part!" he muttered sardonically.

There was no visible means of conveyance about, so after inquiring of the station agent the way to the nearest hotel, he started out to find it on foot. The streets were almost deserted. Only occasionally did he meet anyone. Most of those whom he did meet wore masks of gauze tied snugly about mouth and nose. He understood the meaning of this, the "flu" was raging here as elsewhere.

He found the hotel and after registering went immediately to his room. There everything was quite pleasant and comfortable but it held no charms for him. It was too strange and quiet and altogether lacking in home atmosphere. There was no one to talk to, no familiar books or magazines to read, nothing to do but sit and think, and that was the very thing he did not care to do. It super-induced dark broodings and bitter melancholy. Much to his relief his reflections were interrupted a short time later by a knock at the door. It was probably only a maid or a bellhop, he reasoned, but even so it would be someone and therefore infinitely better than being left entirely alone. He stepped to the door and opened it, then stood looking his surprise into the keenly scrutinizing eyes of a well-dressed, middle-aged stranger.

"I presume this is Dr. Gleason," said the visitor extending his hand. "I am Dr. Kline."

"Glad to meet you," replied Dr. Gleason shaking hands cordially. "Please come in and sit down."

"Thank you, but I regret to say my time is not my own. Kept busy night and day fighting this frightful epidemic of 'flu.' We haven't half enough doctors to take care of the cases demanding medical aid and have been sending out appeals for help. Tonight when I learned that a doctor had registered at the hotel here, I rushed over hoping to find someone who had come to our assistance."

Dr. Gleason was a little taken back. "Why—er—I—I haven't exactly come here to help, but of course my profession swears me into service if the need is urgent."

"Thanks, Doctor. I am confident you will never find a more urgent need. We have more calls than we can possibly attend to. May I then advise my office to turn some of the cases over to you?"

"Why, certainly," replied Dr. Gleason, for the moment losing sight of his suffering and the sworn purpose for his being there.

"Thanks again," said Dr. Kline heartily as he shook Dr. Glea-

son's hand. "Here's my card. Anything that you may be needing you can get at my office. Now I must be going. Good-night."

Half-an-hour later the phone rang sharply. It was a woman inquiring in a hysterical voice, "Is this Dr.—Dr. Gleason?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Gleason encouragingly.

"This is Mrs. Massey, our little girl is dying. Won't you please come quick and help us?"

"Who—who did you say you were?" the Doctor asked excitedly.

"Mrs. Massey," came the wailing voice, "My husband is Lieutenant Louis Massey and our baby is—"

"Oh," interrupted Dr. Gleason, a steely expression coming into his eyes and voice, "I am afraid you will have to find some other doctor to take your case."

"But we can't, we can't and our baby is dying—Oh, please—"

Dr. Gleason slammed the receiver on the hook and sank down into a chair. The phone rang desperately for a few seconds but as he did not answer, it soon ceased. For a time he sat as one dazed, but gradually came to himself and commenced sizing up the situation in a cool analytical manner. "Could things have planned out better?" he asked himself. "It's a daughter for a daughter. Surely I couldn't ask for more."

"Darlene, my darling," he murmured as, with closed eyes, he lay back in his chair to enjoy the relief he felt sure would now be his. Instantly the image of his idolized daughter, as she lay moaning in delirium on her death bed, came to him. "Oh—Oh—" The voice gradually changed to one of pleading, saying things his daughter had never said: "O—please—please, Doctor, she's dying, our baby is dying—"

Dr. Gleason sprang to his feet staring wildly. He must not let it affect him that way, he told himself as he sat down again. He had come for the purpose of punishing a sneak and now here was his chance. But even then he could hear again the wailing voice:

"Oh, please, Doctor, she's dying—"

He was foolish to let it disturb him in such a manner. Where was his love for his cruelly wronged child, or his hate for this thing which called itself a man? He had the right to punish him, he had come a long way to punish him, and now—now that the power and opportunity was suddenly and unexpectedly his, why should he feel so weak and vacillating? But he would not weaken he told himself as he sprang from his chair and went stamping about the room, gesticulating with clenched hands. "I must—I will! bring him to judgment," he hissed between his teeth. "Yes, judgment—judgment—judgment is mine, saith the Lord." He looked wildly about the room searching for the one who had dared to utter such words. Then coming to himself with a jerk he realized that he had been listening to his own mutterings. He would

have to get away from here or he would go mad. When would the next train be leaving for the West? Drawing a time table from his pocket he tried to read the schedule but could not see it, could not seem to see anything. He was senseless to everything but that pleading voice, "Oh—please—Doctor, she's dying, our baby is dying—"

Cold beads of perspiration sprang out upon his marble-like forehead. He must go to them, he couldn't stand it any longer. But what if he were too late; what if the child had died already? Well—in that case he would have paid his debt. And yet—would he? So far as the father was concerned—yes, but how about the grief-stricken mother? Suddenly the realization came to him that it was the mother of the child he would be punishing most severely. A mother who, no doubt, was as innocent of offense as his own sweet girl had been.

"God help me, why didn't I think of that sooner," he moaned.

Snatching up the phone directory he hastily searched its pages for Lieutenant Massey's address. Having found it he seized his hat, coat and medical kit, and rushed downstairs. He learned at the clerk's desk that the address he was looking for was only about three blocks distant. How he ever found his way, disturbed as he was by a boiling turmoil within, and a raging storm and darkness without, he never knew; but finally after knocking at a door he was aware that it was opened by a wide-eyed, terror-stricken man whom he recognized as Lieutenant Massey. A hard look came into Dr. Gleason's eyes, and he passed him without a word.

At the side of a bed in another room a fair-haired woman knelt, weeping audibly. Dr. Gleason was touched with profound pity at sight of such uncontrollable sorrow. It came so near being a reflection of his own. He paused for a moment to gain control of himself before announcing in a low reassuring voice that he was Dr. Gleason and had come to help her. Disregarding her profuse expressions of gratitude, he immediately bent over the bed where the little girl lay. One glance told him the crisis was at hand and that he would have to work fast or witness the hand of death. He wiped the cold perspiration from the forehead of the child which had so recently been hot and parched with fever, and felt the feeble, irregular pulse in the tiny wrist. A chill passed over him as he encountered the large, frightened, questioning eyes of the mother. Could he tell her the truth? No! That would be cruel. She needed all the strength that hope would give her.

"Now, now, Mrs. Massey," he said soothingly, "don't you worry any more. Everything is going to be all right. I shall stay right here until your baby is better."

He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, opened his kit and set to work. All night long he bent over the sick child applying every ounce of skill and science at his command while with trained

eyes he watched the alternating chances for life and death in the struggle going on before him. Inwardly he was full of anxiety and dread, outwardly he was calm and reassuring.

Occasionally he would get glimpses of Lieutenant Massey sitting crumpled up in a corner, and knew something of the suffering he must be enduring although not a word passed between them.

Toward morning he saw a distinct change for the better, and finally as the child passed into a normal sleep he breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank God," he exclaimed fervently under his breath.

"She will be all right now," he said as he arose and put on his coat. "Just give the medicine as I have directed and she will soon be her dear little self again."

Mrs. Massey seized his hand with both her own as she looked up at him almost worshipfully and endeavored to sob out her gratitude.

"That's all right, Mrs. Massey," he said cheerfully. "If you need help again be sure and call me at the hotel. Good-morning."

Out in the clear, cold atmosphere of early dawn, such a feeling of peace and contentment came to him as had not been his for months. He had won the greatest battle of his life; a battle which had transformed him from a sword into a pruning hook. Clearly there came to his mind the saying of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, * * * ye have done it unto me."

Someone came up behind him. Looking around he beheld. Lieutenant Massey; hair disheveled, face haggard, eyes that were pleading—begging for mercy. Dr. Gleason understood what he wanted.

"Mrs. Massey is an angel. For her sake and the baby's, I shall not say or do anything," he said in a colorless voice. "But one thing I want you to know, and that is that you killed my daughter, but I have saved yours!"

Remember it takes one hundred years to grow an oak—and for a squash, six months is sufficient.—*Eliot.*

To create the reflective mood, in contrast with the executive and emotional mood, is a special duty of our times.—*Charles F. Thwing.*

Child hygiene is at present the most important motif in the physician's work, and will continue to be in the future.—*Borden S. Verder,* Washington University Medical School, St. Louis.

Cornelia

Dramatized by Annie Clark Kimball
Stage Directions by Irma Felt Bitner

CHARACTERS:

Cornelia, A Roman Mother.
Wealthy Lady of Campania.
Tiberius, about 8 or 10 year old.
Caius, about 5 or 6 years old, Sons of Cornelia.
Slave.

COSTUMES:

Cornelia wears a simple Roman gown of pale tint with three bands of narrow ribbon around her head.

Wealthy Lady wears Roman gown of a vivid color, in harmonious contrast to Cornelia's, elaborately bedecked with jewels, with jeweled head dress. She also wears an elaborate wrap.

Tiberius and Caius wear colored slips or tunics, a little above knees, with narrow Roman band around head tied at the back.

Slave wears straight brown slip to knees, with brown tights; her face, hands and arms are browned.

PROPERTIES:

For Cornelia, scroll and handkerchief.

For Wealthy Lady, string of pearls, green jewels for emeralds, and large red jewel on pendant for ruby; other jewels.

Furniture: A double seat for Cornelia and a single seat for the Wealthy Lady; also a pedestal or small table. (If Roman furniture cannot be obtained, use davenette and chair, covered with throws of some neutral color, such as brown or drab. For slave, polished metal hand mirror.)

STAGE SETTING:

Outdoor Scene: Decorate with palms or potted plants. Place double seat at left front and single seat at right front, with table between or pedestal just back.

Soft music before curtain, which continues through first few speeches. Music: First part of Chaminade's *Serenade*.

Curtain Rises Slowly

CORNELIA on double seat intently studying scroll.

SLAVE appears at right and stands waiting.

CORNELIA looks up and motions slave to enter.

(*Enter.*)

SLAVE (*bowing low*): A noble visitor from Campania.

WEALTHY LADY (*At right. Slave stands near back of stage with arms folded and head bowed.*)

CORNELIA (*Stands, raising arm in Roman greeting*): Hail to thee!

WEALTHY LADY (*Also raising arm*): Hail!

CORNELIA (*Placing scroll on table or pedestal*): Whom seek ye, lady?

WEALTHY LADY: I seek Cornelia, wife of Sampronius Gracchus, daughter of Scipio Africanus, and twelve times a mother.

CORNELIA (*Bowing slightly*): I am she.

Music Stops

WEALTHY LADY (*Raising arm higher this time*): All hail again, Cornelia! For thy name is known throughout all Rome

CORNELI((*Pointing to herself questioningly*): My name? And what is said of me?

WEALTHY LADY: That thou art an example to all mothers.

CORNELIA (*Sincerely and prayerfully*):- Such words are

words of praise indeed. May the Gods help me to be worthy of them!

WEALTHY LADY: May I ask what thou dost read from yonder scroll?

CORNELIA (*Gets scroll and motions Wealthy Lady to seat. They examine scroll together*): This is the record of our fathers.

WEALTHY LADY: Is it not tiresome and difficult to study?

CORNELIA: Not for me, Lady, because, thou seest, my sons learn all these things most readily from my lips and I love to teach them.

WEALTHY LADY: Do they also love tales of adventure and travel?

CORNELIA: Indeed they do, and of wars and soldiery.

WEALTHY LADY: Thou mayest tell them of this blood-red ruby that I wear. (*Displays it.*) It came from Africa. A wounded Roman soldier left upon the field to die! (*Faces audience.*) The blazing Summer sun scorched and burnt his closing eyes and drank the moisture from his lips. He felt the life departing in his agony.—But no!—an aged man—black—a very Moor—bent over him and gave him drink, then bore him from the field of blood unto his own abode—a shelter so rude it might have been built by the wandering birds; there the aged man fed him and bathed his wounds and nursed him back to health and strength.

The Moor had no possessions save this one red brilliant stone. And when he thought the soldier sleeping soundly he would fondle and caress it as if it were some living thing; but when the soldier stirred or spoke, he hid it hastily within the folds above his heart.

Before the moon had twice been round, the Roman arose and walked in life again; but he was loath to go his way, yet lingering many days as if loving his preserver too much to depart. (*With intense animation*)—Then, one day, returning from the hunt, he found the aged Moor asleep upon his scanty couch. Quick as the arrow of Diana, he thrust his spear into the old man's heart. When he withdrew it, the red blood flowed in a crimson stream, bathing the ruby in its living warmth. (*Standing and showing gem to Cornelia*)—Doth it not look like twenty living drops in one?

CORNELIA: (*Shrinking away with a look of horror*) Or a coal of virile fire! Doth it not burn thy soul to wear it?

WEALTHY LADY: (*laughing*) It is beautiful and interesting. And this emerald is from Ethiopia, and those pearls are from Cathay.

CORNELIA: Are not those metal chains all cold about thy neck?

WEALTHY LADY: I do not notice them so. (*She displays and admires her jewels.*) I love my jewels.

CORNELIA: (*Also admiring*) They are exquisite! But tell me, what will become of them when thou diest?

WEALTHY LADY: (*Questioningly, as if she had never before thought of this*) When I die? When—I—die? (*Sits down slowly.*)

CORNELIA: Yes! When thou dost cross the cold, dark river never to return?

WEALTHY LADY: (*Meditatively*) When—I—Die!—Perhaps my husband will sell them; perhaps—he will bestow them upon his favorite slave; perhaps—indeed, I do not know. (*She looks at them with less admiration in meditative mood, then dropping them into her lap with a toss of her head suddenly returns to her former manner.*) Hast thou no jewels?

CORNELIA: Oh, yes! I have some lovely ones; shall I bring them?

WEALTHY LADY: Indeed I shall be happy to admire them with thee.

CORNELIA: (*Exit Left*)

SLAVE: (*Steps forward, bows low or raises curtain for her mistress then resumes same position at back of stage.*)

WEALTHY LADY: (*Polishes her jewels with her handkerchief, admires them, rises, looks around, and pointing to mirror commands.*) Slave!

SLAVE: (*Come forward and holds mirror for W. L. to examine jewels in her head dress.*)

WEALTHY LADY: (*Polishes some of jewels and then dismisses slave with wave of hand.*)

SLAVE: (*Replaces mirror and returns to position at back of stage.*)

WEALTHY LADY: (*In center front of stage, admires her jewels, then suddenly shows by her expression that she recalls Cornelia's question. A change of thought comes over her*). When I die!—When I die! (*Hears Cornelia returning and assumes natural, dignified position at right.*)

(*Soft Music begins and continues until end.*)

SLAVE: (*Bows or raises curtain as Cornelia enters, bringing her two sons, then returns to position.*)

CORNELIA: Lady my sons, Tiberius and Caius. (*Boys bow respectfully and Wealthy Lady raises arm in acknowledgement.*) *These are my jewels*; their warm, soft, loving arms are the necklaces I wear; their ruby lips and sparkling eyes, are the gems that fill my soul with joy; and when I go away from here (*impressively*) across the Mystic River—a little while—then they will come to me and I shall have them for my own forevermore. (*Cornelia places arms around boys during the last part of the sentences, then releases them, stroking the hair of one of them lovingly.*)

WEALTHY LADY: (*Looks longingly toward children then at her jewels in disapponited way, and again at Cornelia. Then she reaches out her empty jewelled arms.*) Ah, Cornelia, wife of Sempronius Gracchus, Daughter of Scipio Africanus, and twelve times a mother—thou art indeed blessed! and ye, Tiberius and Caius, are thrice blessed in such a mother! Adieu! My Cornelia! (*Walks slowly and reverently from stage.*)

CORNELIA: (*Watches her pityingly, extending her arm in sympathy to the retreating figure.*)

WEALTHY LADY: (*Turns once more and raises her arm in adieu.*)

(CORNELIA AND CHILDREN *make tableau in center of stage. as slave raises curtain or bows W. L. out.*)

Slow Curtain

Who Wins the Race?

Ruth May Fox

The race is not to the swift,
The race is not to the strong;
But to him who struggles with all his might
Though the battle be fierce and long.

The race is not to the boaster,
The race is not to the proud;
But to him who valiantly wends his way
Unsmirched by the riotous crowd.

The race is not to the nabob,
Though he ride in a chariot of gold;
But to him who regards the man by his side
Though his trappings be mean and old.

To him is the race and the laurel
Who in spite of the storm and stress,
Has borne to the end of the toilsome day
His banner of righteousness.

An Autumn Dawn

Nona H. Brown

Far into the eastern mountains
At the the dawn of an autumn day
When the morning sky was flaming
I wandered in gladness away.

The clouds of the east were burning
The mountains too seemed on fire.
Here, for the soul of an artist,
Was the land of heart's desire.

For the trees like flames were colored,
And yellow and crimson and gold.
A scene of color and beauty,
I 'most held my breath to behold.

All trees had donned gayest dresses
Like gay maidens, in their 'teens,
All followed the world of fashion,
Save the Puritan evergreens.

The artist who painted dresses
For the maples, aspens and oaks,
Had raised to the sky his paint brush
With beauty divine in its strokes.

Or perhaps the wondrous artist
Was none by the rose-fingered Dawn
Who touched the sky—then the mountains,
They would flame when her clouds were gone.

For serene and stately mountains,
From wandering clouds, snow-capped,
Unmoved by turmoil of ages,
In eternal mystery wrapped,

Were dressed in beauty immortal,
And the trees in gay attire,
Danced to the music of song birds,
More sweet than strains of the lyre.

Their mirrors were dancing streamlets,
Or wee lakes in setting of jewels.
They danced in the huge rock ballroom,
Made divine by the Master's tools.

Would my soul might have the beauty
Of the mountains in autumn time,
Yet be serene and unruffled
In a world of chaos and grime.

That I, through my life, might borrow
Of the stately sentinel hills
The beauty and strength, together
With the joy of the laughing rills.

Would I might be strong as they are
When meeting the trials in my way,
But still keep my soul as lovely
As this dawn of an autumn day.

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

West Australian Conference.

A gathering was recently held in the West Australian conference. Mrs. Carrie S. Hyde, president of the Relief Societies of the Australian mission, was present and gave timely instructions. She pointed out the educational benefit to be derived from the

RELIEF SOCIETY OF WEST AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE

lesson work, and also the value of the welfare work. The Society has a membership of 16, eleven of whom are subscribers to the *Relief Society Magazine*. This publication is greatly appreciated, and is an inspiration to the workers. The Society has a goodly supply of clothing on hand for emergency calls.

South African Mission.

Before leaving the Relief Society work, in the South African mission, Mrs. Magdalen Sessions writes in part as follows: "My missionary work in Africa will be over very soon, as we sail for home in two weeks. The progress here has seemed to be very slow at times, and I have to read every report the *Magazine* contains by way of comparison to keep myself feeling encouraged. It is with much encouragement I can leave, however, for I feel the

work is now quite stable and secure. The Relief Society organization in Mowbray is really in a flourishing condition, and now we are succeeding with the theological lessons as outlined by the General Board. We also have sewing meetings—the Society buys the material and sells the article. Food sales are also held once each month, each contributor is paid back the cost, and the profit of the sale goes into the treasury. The members of the organization in Kimberly, Bloemfontein and Port Elizabeth are all studying the prescribed lessons this year. It is an ideal I hoped to reach before leaving Africa, and the Lord has blessed us in it. I shall be able to visit the organizations at Port Elizabeth, and the sisters in Durban on my way home. They all write very encouragingly of the Relief Society work. I came to Africa knowing very little about Relief Society work, and all I have learned has made me love it better as time passes. It is with great pleasure that I can say to you that I am leaving with the knowledge that so far as I know the South African societies are in the best condition that it has been my privilege to see them."

Western States Mission.

A Relief Society was organized in Rapid City, South Dakota, in March, 1926. The women are enthusiastic over the lesson work the organization provides, and for the opportunity it gives them for discussion and self-expression. The Society gave a bazaar

RELIEF SOCIETY OF RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

recently in connection with which they served supper to 125; $50 was cleared. It is their plan to assist with the purchase of an individual Sacrament set for the branch. The *Relief Society Magazine* is greatly appreciated by the women in this branch, and although few in number they have eight subscriptions.

Franklin Stake.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Merrill McNiel, for fifty years a worker and powerful advocate of the Relief Society, passed away at Preston, Idaho, July 8, 1926. Mrs. McNiel began her work in the organization at the age of 20, and continued faithfully until her death. She served most efficiently and tirelessly as stake secretary for many years. Mrs. McNiel was especially interested in the welfare and uplift of humanity, and in giving everybody an opportunity for development. She was a great source of strength and inspiration to her co-workers and associates, who deeply mourn her loss.

California Mission.

Following is an interesting letter from Mrs. Margaret K. Miller, president of the Relief Society of the California mission: "After attending Relief Society conference, and while I was still filled with the beautiful spirit of the conference, and the splendid talks and advice given, I started on my trip through the mission Relief Societies in Nevada and the Northern part of California. Most of the organizations are small, but the members are working faithfully and are a great factor in keeping up an interest in the branches. I was delighted with the large number of young mothers who attend, and the interest they have in the lessons. They appreciate the *Magazine,* for it holds them together, and keeps the standard we, as a people, hold for our women, for they are continually meeting others not of our faith. The social service work helps them meet the needs of each community, and also gives them an opportunity to meet and discuss matters with other social workers. At our conference in San Francisco, a leading social worker of the City gave a talk on what was being done there along that line. There are two Relief Societies in San Francisco, and the new branch, which is only about seven months old, started with fourteen members. They now have forty-one, and have secured fifty-six subscriptions to the *Magazine.* There are three Societies in Oakland and one in Berkeley. In every instance we held an officers' meeting in the afternoon and a Relief Society conference in the evening, with a social hour following. The meetings were well attended, especially the evening meetings, many women coming out who were not members, and the brethren also came out in goodly numbers. We have some splendid and very efficient women at the head of our Relief Societies, and with the excellent support given by the members, the work is growing rapidly."

New Zealand Mission.

Mrs. Cora S. Jenkins, president of the Relief Societies of the New Zealand mission writes: "Our annual conference or *Hui Tau* is now a matter of history. It was held at Nuhaka, Hawkes Bay,

and was a success in every way. The weather during the conference was ideal; the crowd which attended was a happy and congenial one, and the spirit of the gathering an inspiration to all. Our Relief Society work is conducted much the same as at home, being presided over by a president and two counselors. The counselors are chosen from among the local sisters. To assist them a board of eight other sisters, residing throughout the various districts of the mission, has been chosen and set apart to travel and visit among the local organizations. I had had the opportunity of visiting most of the districts of the mission, so knew what was most needed at the conference. Our first meeting was with the board members in which instructions were given pertaining to board work; questions being answered and testimonies borne. The second meeting held on Sunday was for all the officers and teachers and members of all the branches of the mission. At this gathering, besides the mission presidency and board, there were sixteen presidents of local organizations, four others being represented by counselors, so that of the thirty-four branches twenty of them were reported by their presiding officers. The total of all who attended this gathering was one hundred and eleven officers and members. This we consider a remarkable attendance considering the long and expensive journey made by most of them. Many of them traveled from 100 to 250 miles, a few over 400 miles and still a few more over 800 miles to arrive, besides the return journey. This meeting was taken up in receiving reports and answering questions pertaining to the work. Our third meeting was devoted to a class demonstration and talks on the following phases of the work, and the sustaining of the general and mission boards: Theology and class demonstration; Necessity of record keeping; Demonstration of proper visiting teaching, the topic being cleanliness in the homes; the *Relief Society Magazine*. On Monday at 10 a. m. we met with presidents and secretaries, answering their questions and instructing them on the filling out of the report blanks. During the *Hui Tau*, Sister Duncan received money for 21 subscriptions to the *Magazine*, making us a total of 66. We are very proud of our subscriptions, for so few of our sisters read English. Many of those who are now subscribers have to depend upon their children or others to read and explain it to them. Each month a lesson is taken from the *Magazine*, simplified and published in the mission magazine so that we may keep in close touch with the work at home. The conference did a great deal of good and we feel proud of the loyalty and support given this important work.

European Mission.

Mrs. May Booth Talmage, president of the Relief Societies of the European Mission, has recently visited the societies of the

Netherlands and Danish missions, and the interesting reports which follow have reached the office concerning her visit. Mrs. Lillian D. Lillywhite, president of the Netherlands organizations writes from Rotterdam, Holland, and Mrs. Ida Anderson Peterson of the Danish organizations writes from Copenhagen, Denmark:

Netherlands Mission.

"On July first, and including the sixth, our semi-annual conference was held here at Rotterdam, at which conference President and Mrs. James E. Talmage were in attendance, and contributed liberally to the interest of the conference, which was indeed a spiritual feast and a success from beginning to end. Every branch in the mission was represented by the missionaries and many of the Saints. We feel that much good will result of the coming together of so many people to be taught and counseled under the Spirit of the Lord. Our Relief Society work is growing in excellence, usefulness, and increasing in spirituality and numbers. I feel very happy over the progress that is being made in this splendid organization. This mission has ten well organized Societies, and all the members are working in harmony for the relief of the poor and the comfort of those in distress, administering to the sick and the needy, scattering cheer and sunshine wherever they are called to labor, or where their help is needed. The members take up the work assigned to them and respond to every call with a willingness that is amazing. Their devotion and love for the work I am sure is not surpassed anywhere in the Church. Two meeting nights in the month are devoted to lesson work, and the members are receiving much benefit from this study and are trying to apply these beautiful lessons in their daily lives. The other two meeting nights of the month are taken up in making articles of apparel for the needy. We are just now busy working and preparing for our annual bazaar, which is to be held in Rotterdam in September. Mrs. Talmage visited a meeting of the Relief Society in both the Rotterdam and Amsterdam branches, at which meetings there were more than eighty in attendance. She gave valuable instructions and counsel and in every way encouraged the members to be faithful in the performance of their duties. Her visit was highly appreciated by all."

Danish Mission.

"The Danish mission Relief Societies have just recently been favored with a visit from President James E. Talmage of the European mission and his estimable wife, Mrs. May Booth Talmage. The elders and Saints in this beautiful city, Copenhagen, received a real thrill when President and Mrs. Talmage arrived here Friday, July 9, by airplane from Rotterdam, Holland, covering a distance of four hundred miles in four hours, and including

a stop in Hamburg, Germany, of forty minutes. The same evening they attended our regular Relief Society meeting, which was, as usual, attended by the Priesthood and male members of the branch as well as many strangers. We had a very enjoyable time and received some timely instructions. The following day President Talmage met with President Joseph L. Petersen, and discussed the conditions and needs of this mission, while Mrs. Talmage and I went over Relief Society work. Sunday, July 11, our distinguished visitors attended the Sunday school, met with the elders laboring in the Copenhagen conference in a special instruction meeting during the afternoon, and during the evening a largely attended public meeting was addressed by them. Monday, July 12, the visitors, in company with President Petersen and me, left this city by boat for Aarhus, the second largest city in the kingdom, this being also a conference headquarters. Arriving there the following morning, special elders' instruction meeting was held during the entire day, while at night a well attended public meeting was held. At the close separate sessions were held with the local priesthood and the Relief Society officers and members, after which the latter organization served refreshments to all present. Wednesday, July 14, upon the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Hermansen, (the latter being a member of the Church) President and Mrs. Talmage, Elder Peter S. Christiansen and wife (Elder Christiansen is editor of the mission paper *The Scandinavian Star*) President Petersen and I spent the entire day at their beautiful country estate Allinggaard. It would take pages to describe the picturesque surroundings and the gorgeous furnishings of this home. The next morning the entire party motored back to Aarhus, about twenty miles away, and boarded the train for Aalborg, where meetings of a similar character as in other conferences were held. The following morning our visitors bade Denmark farewell, sailing from Frederikshaven to Gothenburg, Sweden, while we continued the visiting of the different branches in the mission. The work is carried on in this mission very similar to that at home. We have, however, had to change the lessons to fit the conditions in the land. We have six organizations fully organized and all doing good work. The Church owns its own headquarters in all the conferences. Denmark is a perfect garden spot. The beautiful forests, lakes, seashores, palaces and art galleries of world renown make it a real paradise for the thousands of tourists who invade its domain yearly. The *Magazine* is regularly received at the mission headquarters and is greatly appreciated."

Correction: In the Social Service Lesson published in the October issue of the *Magazine*, the word "moron" is spelled incorrectly. The spelling as it occurred was somehow overlooked in proof reading.—*Editors.*

Lessons for January

INTRODUCTION TO LESSON WORK oF 1927

The first lessons of the ensuing year are published in the current issue of the *Magazine*. They are virtually a continuation of last year's lessons. In continuing the course we feel that we are providing what should prove to be acceptable material for the present.

The Theology lessons will continue Bible themes, directing into new channels of thought, as added information is presented.

The lessons on American poetry will go on, because we believe, with Professor Cest, professor of American literature in the University of Paris, that America is perhaps giving us the best poetry that is being written today.

Child Hygiene is one of the newest and most fascinating studies that is occupying human thought at the present time. It is of paramount importance in the proper rearing of children, and for this reason it should be a topic of surpassing interest to all the mothers of our organization.

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in January)

PAUL

A. Paul Before His Conversion.

Paul was born of Hebrew parents in the Roman city of Tarsus on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. He was of the Tribe of Benjamin.

He was given the name of Saul after one of the Kings of Israel which in Greek signifies waddling. His Roman name was Paul, meaning little.

His birth in a Roman city made him a freeborn Roman. His vocation was that of a tent-maker.

He went from Tarsus to Jerusalem and studied under the noted theologian, Gamaliel. He was an ardent student and zealous religionist of the sect known as the Pharisees who believed in the resurrection of the body and were very strict. He says of himself:

"I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God, as ye all are this day."—Acts 22:3.

It is recorded of him:

"And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupation they were tentmakers."

Through the errors of his home traditions and the narrowness of his school life, his sincerity and zeal was so misdirected that he became conscientiously and relentlessly a persecutor of the followers of Jesus.

Even if he heard Jesus preach the doctrine of doing as you would be done by, Saul could not see the truth through the veil of pharisaical prejudice nor could he hear it because of the ear-pads of sect intolerance.

The record of his conduct, guided by a conscience based upon untruth and bias, was made by the historian. It is from Paul's statement of the facts to the Lord in vision and his testimony before the court where he was on trial.

He tells the tribunal that in zeal towards God, he persecuted the Saints unto death and sent men and women bound to prison because of their belief. He goes further and testifies to the court concerning his interview with the resurrected Savior, saying:

"And it came to pass, that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance;

"And saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me.

"And I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee:

"And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him."—Acts 22:17-20.

Paul's career before conversion is an object lesson illustrative of the theological truths that sincerity is not a sufficient guarantee of righteousness; that the human conscience is largely the result of tradition, education, and interest.

B. The Conversion.

This was a pivot event in the life of a great character. Paul never tired of testifying to its miraculous actuality. It was not too good for an assembled mob. From the stairway of a castle, he said:

"Men, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defence, which I make now unto you."—Acts 22:1.

"And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me.

"And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

"And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.

"And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.

"And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do."—Acts 22:6-10.

It was good enough for a King's Court:

"At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me.

"And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

"And I said Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—Acts 26:13-15.

It is little wonder that the story of his conversion was so dear to Paul for it was the event of a change of front of his sincere soul; a change from error to truth; from bigotry to meekness; from intolerance to forbearance.

The crowning part of the miracle was reached when Saul, the brother to the self-satisfied sinner, cried out: "What shall I do Lord?" Behind this exclamation was a complete surrender, something more than a joyous acquiescence. Saul had said in his own way, "Thy will be done," and no Christian conversion is complete without a soul-state that is an urge to the expression, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me do?"

C. Paul's Career After Conversion.

He received his sight and was baptized and began preaching Christ in Damascus.

"And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him, said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

"And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."—Acts 9:17-18.

"But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ.

"And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him."—Acts 9:22-23.

He communed with the Savior in the temple:

"And it came to pass, that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance;

"And saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me.

"And I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee:

"And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him.

"And he said unto me. Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."—Acts 22:17-21.

He was an object of fear among the Saints and of hate among the disbelieving Jews:

"And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him."—Acts 9:23.

"And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple."—Acts 9:26.

He was ordained an apostle:

"Whereunto I am ordained a preacher, and an apostle, (I speak the truth in Christ, and lie not;) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity."—I Timothy 2:7.

When we follow him through his four great missionary journeys, we are led to think of him as the peerless preacher of his age. A glimpse of the time spent and the territory covered may be obtained by what he wrote to the Galatians:

"Neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus.

"Then after three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days.

"But other of the apostles saw I none, save James, the Lord's brother."

"Afterwards I came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia;

"And was unknown by face unto the churches of Judea which were in Christ:

"But they had heard only, That he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."—Galatians 1:17-19, 21-23.

His missionary correspondence forms a very important part of our New Testament scripture. It consists of letters to the various churches and to individual missionaries. Some of these important letters were written while he was a prisoner at Rome.

That he was great as an organizer is evident, for he established and fostered Christian churches at Rome, Corinth, Galatia, Ephesus, Philippi, Colossia, Thessalonia.

As a theologian, Paul is quoted more extensively than any other writer of his dispensation. In our thirteenth Article of Faith a most appreciative tribute is paid to this apostle of the meridian of time.

From some of his minor utterances, attempts have been made to substantiate celibacy as a church doctrine, but the apex of his utterances on marriage is reached when he says, "Nevertheless, man is not without the woman in the Lord, nor the woman without the man." Thus proclaiming marriage as a pre-requisite for exaltation in the Kingdom of God.

His eloquence may be judged by the expression he brought forth from King Agrippa. Paul, Paul, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian, and his written discourse on charity marks him as a man of letters of the first rank.

His invitation to speak before the joint session of the two great schools of philosophy at Athens is an acknowledgment of his eminence as a scholar.

His character was one of extraordinary strength and remarkable sweetness. How he was hated by the vanquished opponents of Christianity is shown in the following:

"And when it was day, certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul."—Acts 23:12.

How he was loved and trusted by his brethren, the apostles, is shown in the words of Peter:

"And account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you."—II Peter 3:15.

No one can doubt his satisfaction with earth life and his hope and faith concerning the life to come in the light of his last letter to his adopted son Timothy, wherein he says:

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—II Timothy 4:6-8.

An inspired description of Paul by the Prophet Joseph Smith tells us:

"He is about five feet high; very dark hair; dark complexion; dark skin; large Roman nose; sharp face; small black eyes, penetrating as eternity; round shoulders; a whining voice, except when elevated, and then it almost resembled the roaring of a lion. He was a good orator, active and diligent, always employing himself in doing good to his fellow men."—*Compendium*, p. 287.

Questions and Problems

1. Show that sincerity is not a sufficient guarantee for righteousness.
2. How does the life of Paul indicate that the conscience, in a great measure, depends on tradition, education, and interest?
3. Where did the conversion of Paul reach its climax?
4. Quote a memory gem from Paul's written discourse on charity.
5. Name Paul's missionary letters preserved and published in the New Testament. How many of these letters were written to branches of the Church, and how many to individual missionaries?
6. Quote from Paul's last letter to Timothy, showing his satisfaction with his mission on earth and his hope and assurance concerning the life to come.
7. How are the teachings of Paul related to our Articles of Faith?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in January)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JANUARY

CIVIC PRIDE

Street and Side-Walk Cleaning in Winter

With a view of improving the appearance and conditions of homes, yards and communities, the subject of "Civic Pride" will be discussed in the Teachers' Department, 1927.

In addition to the discussion of the topic, it is suggested that there be each month definite follow-up work in the nature of a campaign. The Relief Society might take the initiative in interesting City Officials, Commercial Clubs, Merchants, Boy Scouts, Bee-Hive Girls, Seagull Girls and others in the interest of Civic Improvement.

I. Removal of snow and ice as health precaution.
   (a) Wet feet for children and adults often result in illness.
   (b) Slippery steps, porches, yard-walks and side- walks often result in serious accidents, many of which are permanent or fatal.

MILNER DAM

Ethel Allen Kilgore

O Cliff, thou rais'st thy lofty height
Above the water's brink,
And watchest creatures wild at night
When they come down to drink.
And hidest in thy craggy walls,
The timid rock-folk, shy,
And nest the birds, whose cheery calls
Enhance each passer-by.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in January)

RICHARD BURTON

In Richard Burton's collection of poems we find a poem of six lines called "The Human Touch." This poem is a very great favorite with those who read Richard Burton; yet it seems to us that it is more than a very appealing poem, it is an indication of the road Mr. Burton travels. He talks about the things that people are ordinarily led to think about. He uses the facts that are part of the background of many people, adding that touch of romance which is part of the poetic gift.

Richard Eugene Burton was born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 14, 1861. To many people he is known first and foremost as a professor of English, for he has been on the faculty of various colleges and universities since 1888. He has served the University of Minnesota as head of the department of English since 1906. During the 38 years of his service in American colleges, literally thousands of students have come under his tuition. For many years he has been one of the most popular teachers of English in the United States, as well as one of the best critics of English literature. During the Summer months he has been sought by universities far and wide for special lectures. Hundreds of students in the University of Chicago and hundreds more at the Chatauqua assemblies in New York have listened to his inspiring lectures on poets and poetry.

His first book *Dumb in June*, was published in 1895; *Lyrics of Brotherhood*, in 1899; *Messages and Melody*, in 1903; *From the Book of Life*, in 1909; and *Poems of Earth's Meaning*, in 1917.

In his *Lyrics of Brotherhood* he reflects the call of the dumb and defeated multitudes, to employ the language of Mr. Untermeyer.

Richard Burton has written a group of very pretty love songs. We include here "The Human Touch."

THE HUMAN TOUCH

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah, the touch of lips and hands,—
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,—
These need I most, and now, and here.

In line with such a poem as "The Human Touch" is "Old Songs," "Old Songs" carries its own message. It needs no explanation. It revives memories of the past.

Old Songs

There is many a simple song one hears,
To an outworn tune, that starts the tears;
Not for itself—for the buried years.

Perchance 'twas heard in the days of youth,
When breath was buoyant and words were truth;
When joys were peddled at Life's gay booth.

Or maybe it sounded along a lane
Where She walked with you—and now again
You catch Love's cadence, Love's old sweet pain.

Or else it stole through a room where lay
A dear one dying, and seemed to say:
"Love and death, they shall pass away."

It rises out of the Long Ago,
And that is the reason it shakes you so
With pain and passion and buried woe.

There is many a simple song that brings
From deeps of living, on viewless wings,
The tender magic of bygone things.

Because of the intense interest that the world has shown in Polar exploration during the past year, and because of the achievement of the American aviator, Byrd: and also the achievements of Amundsen, who has made a trip from Europe to America which included a flight across the North Pole, we are presenting Mr. Burton's poem "The Polar Quest:"

The Polar Quest

Unconquerably, men venture on the quest
And seek an ocean amplitude unsailed,
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest,
And heedless of the heroes who have failed,
They face the ice floes with a dauntless zest.

The polar quest! Life's offer to the strong!
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,
Leaving a name that stirs us like a song,
And making captive some strange Otherwhere,
Though grim the conquest, and the labor long.

Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth
To find the mystic floodway of the North.

This is a period of time when people are intensely interested in the subject of heredity. Each individual has many strains in his nature coming from ancestors far behind him. "The Claim of Kindred" is a poem devoted to this theme:

The Claim of Kindred

I am not one, but many: murmuring through
My blood I seem to hear a blended cry,
Ancestral-strong, bidding me up and do
A million deeds before I come to die.

Some of the voices call like organ tones
Upon my soul for service that is meet;
Others unman me with melodious moans
Or evil invitations perilous-sweet.

"Autumn Corn" will bring familiar pictures to mind. It is one of a rather large group of nature poems that Mr. Burton has given us. Because of its reference to Indians, we thought it might make particular appeal to readers of the West.

Autumn Corn

The withered autumn shocks of corn
Are Indian braves, who stand a-row
With wind-blown hair and look forlorn,
And brood upon the long ago.
Sere is their dress, and sere their mind,
With tribe and totem far behind.

Recently news has come to us that Utah stands first among the States of the Union in the success achieved in reducing mortality among women as the result of maternity cases. A poem entitled "The Child and the Rose" is one of the cries coming from the depths of the human heart prompted by the knowledge that many women have given their lives that children might be born. The saying is very common that every time a mother gives birth to a child she approaches the "valley of the shadow," but greater knowledge resulting in better care during the prenatal period and at the birth of the child is reducing fatalities materially. Let us hope that we are approaching the time when the death of a mother will have no connection whatever with the birth of a child:

The Child and the Rose

Said the child to the rose: "I would that I
Might rest in a pretty garden close,
To feel the wind as it brushes by,
To play with every flower that grows;
It must be sweet in the summertide
To watch the buds as they open wide,"
Said the child to the rose.

Said the rose to the child: "And I would be,
Like you, a creature sweet and mild,
Safe housed from weathers winterly,
And warmed with love all undefiled;
'Tis cold for sleep when the night is near,
And the time till morning goes full drear."
Said the rose to the child.

They had their will: for the rose one day
Was plucked and worn in a ballroom gay.
Where the air was stifling hot,—and so
It shrunk and died in the fierce, brief glow.

The child, a woman pinched and white,
In after years, on a winter's night,
Lay in the garden, took her rest,
Dead, with a baby at her breast.

We are concluding this lesson with Burton's poem entitled "The Modern Saint." It contrasts the religious ideals of the past with those of the present, and is a piece of Christian ideality which all Christians should seek to realize:

The Modern Saint

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immured in walls remote from strife.
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells:
He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
He cons the passioned book of deeds and days;
Striving to cast the comforting sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak.
Liberal and wise his gifts; he goes to school
To Justice; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy; simple is his belief;
His creed for mystic visions do not scan;
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

Not self, nor self-salvation, is his care;
He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime
To live in; and his mission everywhere
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No mediæval mystery, no crowned,
Dim figure, halo-ringed, uncanny bright.
A modern saint: a man who treads earth's ground
And ministers to me with all his might.

You will discover that Burton's poems are written in the main to convey a message, and are not primarily of worth because they present to our senses that which is beautiful. Of course, there is much that is beautiful in these poems, for it is the author's purpose to present his ideas and feelings in such form as shall be worthy a poet.

Questions and Problems

1. Mention as many old songs as you can think of that "start the tears." Have some old songs sung at this session.
2. Discuss the subject of heredity in connection with Mr. Burton's treatment of it.
3. Prove that "heedless of the heroes who have failed" explorers have pressed on to the North Pole.
4. Do you think the comparison between the Indian and the corn is apt, if so, why?
5. What portrait is given us in "The Modern Saint?"
6. Select the concrete particulars that go to make up this portrait.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD—INTRODUCTION

The study of the emotional life of individuals and the part that the emotions play in conduct is one of the main concerns of modern psychologists. The realm of the emotions is still practically unexplored, and many of the most enlightening researches of today are those which attempt to analyze and interpret the emotional experiences and their effect on personality.

Our discussions to date have dealt with the physical and mental aspects of personality. It has been noted that the degree of health and the degree of mental capacity are important factors in determining an individual's success and happiness or his failure and unhappiness. From previous studies, it would appear that a young boy or girl in good health, completing the eighth grade at the average age and receiving good marks, has every opportunity to continue his high school education and later become economically and socially useful.

While good health and a normal intelligence are valuable assets to an individual, there are many persons who fail—educationally, economically, and socially—who have good health and normal intelligence. There are persons who cannot hold a job, shiftless tramps who wander from town to town, girls and boys in corrective institutions, men and women in prisons, and men, women and children in mental hospitals who are physically and intellectually normal. Those physically and intellectually handicapped contribute their share to the above mentioned "social failures" but physical disabilities and feeble-mindedness do not offer the explanation for the failure and maladjustment of most of the dependent, delinquent and mentally unstable persons.

Part of the explanation of such maladjustments is to be found in the social environment of the individual. Deadening poverty, the influence of demoralizing associates, broken homes, etc., often are responsible for dependency and delinquency. The effect of these social factors on personality development will be the subject of later discussions.

Other explanations of failure and instability are to be found in unwholesome emotional reactions. This and the following three lessons will deal primarily with the emotional problems of adjustment.

It is difficult to give an exact definition of emotion, or to enumerate or classify the emotions, as the subject has met with

some disagreement among authorities. Emotion is sometimes defined as a "stirred up state of mind." It is more exact, however, to consider emotion as a stirred up state of the body, of which the mind is a part. Grief, for instance, is an unhappy state of mind, but, grief, too, interferes with digestion and other bodily processes. Anger, joy, disgust are each peculiar mental states, but each of these emotions affects the physical state as well as the mental; anger is accompanied with rapid pulse and trembling, joy stimulates the glands, and disgust frequently causes nausea.

Physical states, on the other hand, are accompanied by certain emotions. Stimulated nerves may bring unwarranted good spirits; fatigue may be accompanied by irritability; pain or infection may result in extreme melancholy. Emotions are affected by mental and physical conditions. Likewise mental and physical conditions are affected by the emotions. The interplay is so close that it is often difficult to determine which is cause and which effect.

While various psychologists' classification of the emotions do not entirely agree, it is not important in our discussion to enter into their disagreement. Grief, rage, fear and love are recognized as fundamental emotions, and some lists include mirth, disgust, curiosity, pity, hate, shame and tenderness. "Emotions are as numerous as are the shades of feeling," our author states. Emotional life is changing and dynamic, and eludes exact definition.

While the emotions listed above are quite easily recognized, it is more difficult to determine their origins. Emotions are associated with our instincts, and are sometimes described as the feeling phase of instincts. Instincts, too, defy exact definition or description. They are recognized as man's heritage from his ancestors and the list includes such spontaneous attitudes or responses as curiosity, self-assertion, reproduction, feeding, parental instinct, gregariousness, flight, pugnacity, etc. These and other instincts are usually placed in one of three categories—the ego or self instinct, the sex or love instinct, and the herd or social instinct.

The motive behind our conduct is a desire to satisfy one of these three instincts. A person's first instinct is to maintain itself, by securing food, shelter, clothing and comforts. The motive which directs his effort is the ego, or self instinct. A second desire of the race is to find expression in tenderness and love, which is exemplified in the strong feeling that an individual has for his home and family. A third desire is to gain the approval and approbation of our associates—in the family, in school, in the neighborhood, and in the community.

These three instinctive desires or tendencies are closely related to the emotions. If satisfaction is gained in any one desire, pleasurable emotions accompany the effort and result. If, on the other hand, these instinctive tendencies do not find expression or

satisfaction the individual feels thwarted, and will seek some means of overcoming his feeling of frustration.

It is obvious that these instincts often oppose one another. A young woman in love with a man of whom her parents and friends do not approve, finds her emotions all upset. Her love and herd instincts are at conflict with each other, and her emotional life will be temporarily or permanently disturbed by her conflicting emotions. A young person ambitious to go away to school, but held at home by family responsibilities which he cannot shirk because of his affection for his family and his desire to be thought well of by them and his friends, may also find his emotions at war among themselves.

While a person may attempt to meet frustration of any of these desires in a calm, rational manner, he may not always succeed. The emotions and instincts are not subject to conscious control, but are the result of subconscious motivation. While a person may attempt to set aside an ambition, or overcome the grief of the loss of a loved one, or consider the good will of his community unimportant, he may fail in his resolution. His deliberate attempt to crowd out or "repress" an emotion, may lead to other difficulties. The subconscious will attempt to gain other satisfaction to repay or "compensate" for the frustration. Such compensatory conduct may be wholesome—it may also be the basis of undesirable behavior.

It must not be understood that emotions cannot be modified. Because of their varying shades and degrees, and because of infinite possibilities of expression, emotional patterns may be changed and modified. The period of childhood is considered the most fruitful period to modify unwholesome attitudes and behavior patterns. The medical expert, known as a psychiatrist, by studying conduct analyses and interprets the emotional basis of unwholesome attitudes and abnormal behavior. Some of the children whose problems were primarily of an emotional nature will be discussed in subsequent lessons.

Reference: *Challenge of Childhood*—Introduction, Emotional Problems (pages 151-162).

Questions and Problems

1. What are the four aspects of personality?
2. Why might a person with good health and normal intelligence be a social failure?
3. What is an emotion? Name some common emotions.
4. What are the three main classifications of instincts?
5. What effect does frustration of instincts have on the emotions?
6. Explain how instincts may cause emotional conflict.
7. Why can we not control emotions by conscious effort?
8. What is a psychiatrist?

The Old Home

Beatrice E. Cooper

There's a dear old fashioned cottage,
Just a dear old family nest,
Far away from everything
That most folks say are best.
There's a dear old fashioned parlor
Where we gathered oft to sing,
Round an old fashioned organ;
Oh the memories they bring.

There's a dear old fashioned garden
Around the family nest,
Where the hollyhocks are blooming
And the songbirds love to nest.
There's a tiny creek still flowing
Beside the old rail fence,
There's a lilac bush still blooming
Giving of its sweet incense.

There's a dear old fashioned couple,
Still living in the nest,
All their birds have flown away
And left them there to rest.
But they're lonely, discontented,
Things do not seem the same
Since there's not a chick or baby
To lisp the dear old names.

We love the dear old cottage
With its dear old winding fence.
We love the dear old parlor,
And the garden's sweet incense.
We love the dear old couple,
With their crown of silver hair,
How we love them, how we'll miss them,
When they are no longer there.

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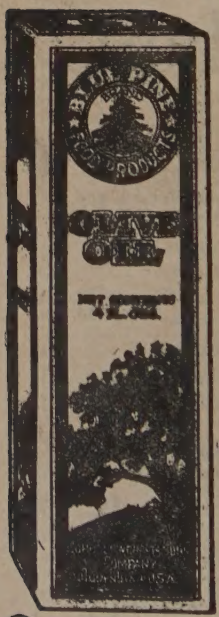

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